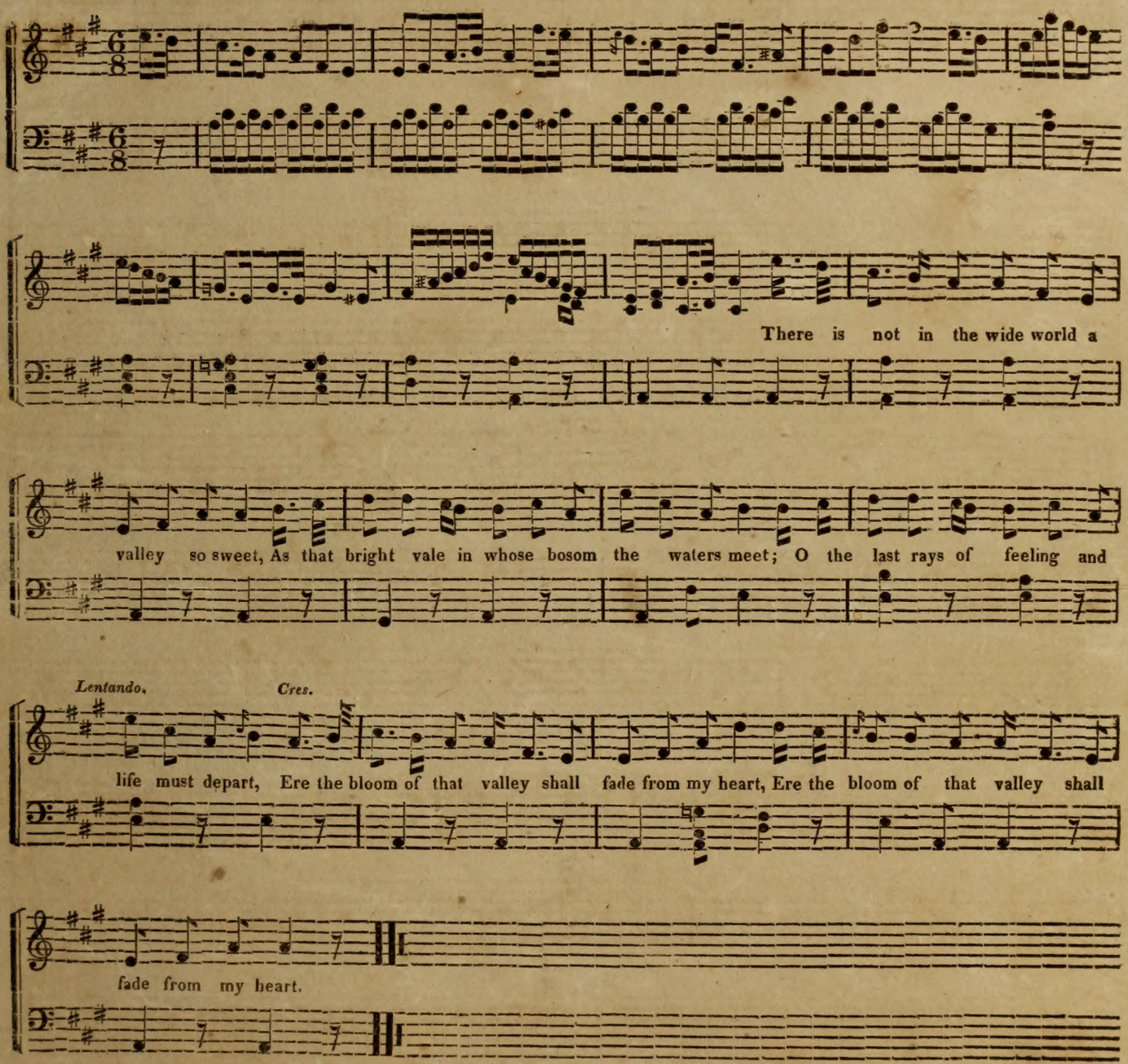
M1621
.M66
M4
1820x

EUTERPEIAD

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.


There is not in the wide world a
valley so sweet, As that bright vale in whose bosom the waters meet; O the last rays of feeling and
Lentando.
Cres.
life must depart, Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that valley shall
fade from my heart.

2.

Yes it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene,
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite still.

3.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made ev'ry scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

4.

Sweet vale of Ovoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace !

CAN I AGAIN THAT LOOK RECALL.

COMPOSED BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.